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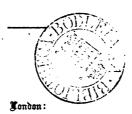


### OUR

# FUTURE HOME.

BY

## MARTHA DALBY.



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### PREFACE.

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Some good people, derive but small comfort, or even none, from contemplating eternity. To them, it is a vague misty sort of thing, that is enveloped in doubts and gloom. Heaven, is a complete enigma to them, and life there, utterly incomprehensible.—This book is written, rather to assist people in thinking of the future, than to state positive facts with regard to it; for this can scarcely be done, in respect of a country we have never explored. Nevertheless, there is every reason to believe the following, to be an exact copy of what life there will be.

M. D.



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# OUR FUTURE HOME.

### CHAPTER I.

NE lovely morning in June, in the year one thousand eight hundred and seventy three, I put on a simple straw hat trimmed with a white feather, a blue muslin dress, and pale kid gloves.

Thus equipped, I went forth, and pursued my way to an aristocratic part of the town where two of my dearest friends, Miss Egremont and her sister, reside.

I hoped to find them alone, and enjoy an uninterruped hour with them: we girls are fond of having long talks together.

When I arrived, I found Maude, the elder of the two, standing in an elegant drawing-room, evidently, contemplating a pretty flower garden that lay beneath the windows.

No one could behold the fair being who turned

to greet me as I entered, without being struck with her lovely appearance. The oval face, the colour of whose expressive eyes emulates the bluebell, and sweet summer roses alone can compete with the bloom on her cheek.

Her light golden brown hair, fell in a cascade of curls over her well-formed neck and shoulders. She is of middle stature, and as easy and dignified as a Queen.

The white dress and jet ornaments she wore, contrasted pleasantly with the dark rosewood furniture and its rich draperies of crimson and gold. As I joined her in the window recess, after the few words of welcome were spoken, she said,—

"I was admiring my garden, when you came in."

"So I perceived."

"I have a little trouble with it, the house was new when we came here, and the garden has been inclined to be anything but productive, but it is doing nicely now."

I remarked when I went in, how clean and smooth the well-stocked beds looked, with their pretty borders of soft green moss.

Ash Villa, the residence of Maude and Rosa Egremont, is charmingly situate on a gentle eminence, on the south side of the fine old town of Myddleton.

On the right, is a vast tract of green and purple moorland, which is interspersed with rocks and streams, and studded with stately mansions, and noble villas, whose well-kept picturesque grounds, form one of the most pleasing of the land-scape. To the left, is a pile of well-wooded hills, at whose feet a broad river winds its course, and sweeps gracefully along a luxuriant valley that stretches eastward for many miles like a beautiful panorama, beyond which, lies an ancient manufacturing town, that boasts an immense population, prodigious wealth, and countless tall chimneys.

Through the midst thereof, a brook pursues its way, from whose deep-dyed waters the town derives its name, Blackford.

But to return to Myddleton, sweet Myddleton on the Rhyne; that rejoices in the possession of an ivy-covered church, half hid by tall elms that surround it, whose interior is ornamented with several interesting monuments. One of these attracts special attention, it is an effigy of Sir Adam de Myddleton, in chain mail, who died in one thousand three hundred and fifteen. The arched roof, is supported by massive pillars, and the windows to the east are finely stained with scripture history.

The Vicar, Dr. Dryden, has a venerable countenance and silvery hair. His preaching is clear, earnest, and practical; and is listened to by crowds

of attentive hearers, who, hungry and athirst for the bread and water of life, flock to the holy place Sabbath after Sabbath,—" Like doves to their windows."





### CHAPTER II.

ISS Egremont asked me to spend the day with her, an invitation I gladly accepted, especially as some friends I wished to see were coming to spend the evening with them.

Just as I was finishing the last chapter, Maude, who had been busy preparing for her guests, entered the dining-room where I was sitting, with a basket of flowers in her hand.

I immediately put away my writing materials, and helped her to decorate the room with them.

This done, we, with Miss Rosa, repaired to the dressing-room, to make ready for the visiters.

I found a few articles of dress waiting for me, for which Miss Egremont had previously despatched one of the maids.

I put on a pearl-grey silk dress, and a small gold brooch; and went down leaving all the mirrors to the other two.

Presently they joined me.

Miss Egremont wore a pale-blue silk dress, trimmed with white lace, and pearl ornaments.

I observed a deep shade of sadness on her face which pained me considerably, and led me to wonder what could thus cloud, what should be a bright young life.

She herself said nothing about it at the time; but having a desire to write her history, I fortunately, in a few weeks discovered what occasioned it.

All arrangements complete, we sat down to practice a few duets until the company arrived.

As the hall clock struck six, Mr. Charles Mertoun, one of my first cousins was announced.

He is a tall gentleman, of distinguished presence, with fair hair, a fair face, and hazel eyes.

He appears about twenty-eight, and his fine face is as round and smooth as a boy's of fourteen; and is a wealthy land proprietor.

A few weeks ago, he purchased Lilly Croft Hall, at Myddleton; and settled here to my great joy.

His wife, a sweet lively looking lady, who has a pale face, and soft brown hair, and who laughed and talked, almost incessantly, was hanging on his arm when he entered.

These were quickly followed by his brother Edward, a young gentleman of twenty-three, fresh from college, whom I strongly suspect of indulging in a little vanity occasionally, indeed much too oft

I think, called up, no doubt, by his commanding height, pale intellectual face, with its finely cut features, dark hair, and eyes that blaze like diamonds.

With him came a Mrs. Percy from London, his aunt and mine; as fine a looking lady of fifty, as great beauty, black velvet, and point lace can possibly make.

In a little while, there was another arrival, which consisted of Dr., Mrs. Dryden, and their son, and daughter.

I simply rose and curtseyed when these were ushered in; for I had not yet been introduced to them. The others however, quickly engaged them in conversation, which had already become brisk. The Vicar and Mr. Merton entered into an argument on some learned topic, I have forgotten what, and maintained it with spirit until tea was ready at half-past six, for it was a tea party the Misses Egremont were giving, when we filed into the dining room, where we were met by a most refreshing sight.

The table was a very picture to behold: it was plentifully supplied with boiled ham, chickens, salmon, pigeon pies, fine white bread, and delicious golden butter, with delicate tartlets, and cheese cakes. It was adorned with three elegant vases of flowers. Not a speck of dust could be seen, either on the gold and white china, or snowy cloth; and

the silver sparkled like cut glass. The same cleanliness and order which characterised the tea table, were observable when dessert was served. The glittering salvers and glass dishes, held fruits, on which not a stain could be detected. The creams, jellies, and custards, the latter of which, were poured over piles of rock snow, were done to perfection. Other kinds of confectionery that graced the table, were really a marvellous work of art.

I must not forget to mention another lady who was present, who, though she came uninvited, not knowing the Misses Egremont were giving a party, was nevertheless a most welcome guest. This was Miss Alice Grey, from Blackford.

A young lady with a comely face, and that wore a neat black silk dress, who, with Edward Mertoun, sang that amusing duet called "The Echo," and received a warm *encore*, to which they responded by giving "List to the Convent Bells."

This led me mentally to make the following remarks:—How is it, many good people think it sinful to sing secular songs?

They unhesitatingly take up a volume of poems—such as Bayly's, Wheeler's, and others, of a similar character, read, commit them to memory, recite them to their friends, and on the public platform, think them beautiful, and justly so; but the instant any one begins to *sing*, the very words

they thus treasure up in their minds, he commits iniquity.

Probably, not one minister of the gospel could be found, who has not his library stocked with the productions of English, Irish, and Scotch poets; for if they decline to read these, they must give up all profane literature. And what man blessed with sound sense would think of doing this?

We should not have far to go, to find some, that, if a person sit down to the piano, to give one of these pieces, would show his disapprobation of it, by stepping out of the room, and keeping out of it, until the singing is at an end.

There are others who refuse to countenance evening entertainments; because the pieces to be read and recited, are to be interspersed with songs and glees; but would nevertheless, sit down in their studies, the very same day on which one of these amusements, is to be given; and read the same words these people intend to sing, without once thinking they are doing wrong.

Where do they draw the line, between what is right, and what is sinful?

It must be between singing and reading the same innocent effusions. A moment's thought, cannot fail to convince them, there is no material difference between the two.

Before I had arrived at the end of this cogitation,

Miss Egremont was indulging in a tirade, on the subject of dress; and calling, ever and anon, on the vicar to corroborate her opinions, which amounted to the following:—

That Christian ladies, have a perfect right to wear good silk, satin, and velvet dresses; and there is certainly no harm, in putting on a little gold, and a few precious stones; but they should wear none, "But such as becometh women, professing godliness," which means not many.

When our Saviour spoke on this subject He said,—"Those that wear soft raiment are in kings houses." He cast no reflection upon elegant dressing. Then He gives all the beautiful materials, good apparel is made of; and art, to teach people how to use these things for pleasure and profit.

The angels, who are sinless, are repeatedly referred to, as wearing gold.

People do wrong only, by spending too much time, thought, and money on dress; with some, it is the one engrossing object of their lives, to the neglect of almost every other thing.

When this is the case; and there is no end to "The ornaments, the curls, the tires, the chains, the bracelets, the mufflers, the bonnets, the headbands, the rings, the jewels, and earrings. The changeable suits of apparel, the wimples, the mantles, the crisping pins, the glasses, and fine

linen, the hoods, and the veils." The Lord begins to take them away, by shutting us up in our houses, by reason of affliction: this prevents us from going out continually, to exhibit these things, to an admiring public; and by taking away our property, so that we cannot afford to buy them.

He uses these and similar means, to tame us down a little, and compel us to be reasonable. We are to be "Temperate in all things."

Then, turning to the clergyman, she said,—

"What do you think of my notions on dress, Dr. Dryden?"

"Highly approved."

After a moment's pause, he added,-

"Speaking of ornaments, which is the principal one, a woman should always wear?"

After guessing awhile without success, we appealed to him for the solution which he kindly gave.

"That of a meek and quiet spirit."

Edward Mertoun, who had been playing bagatelle in the library, at this moment, entered the apartment, and the riddle was referred to him, to which he quickly responded,

"A wedding ring, I should say," accompanied by a glance at Rosa Egremont, that brought the warm blood to her cheek, which made her appear even lovelier than before. That evening I was not surprised to see his speaking eyes oft rest long on her face; for she did look beautiful as she sat on the couch by the side of aunt Percy, arrayed in a green velvet robe, with a silk sash of the same colour, and a camellia in her hair.

She would be a facsimile of her sister, if her complexion were not somewhat paler, and her hair a shade or two darker than Maude's.

When several more songs had been sung, Miss Egremont was asked to give a tune on the piano.

She acquitted herself successfully in the "Hallelujah Chorus," which she played with exquisite grace and precision.

When finished, she asked Mrs. Dryden why the words "for ever," are repeated, both in this chorus and the Lord's Prayer. She said:

"It is to make them impressive, the same as we add a pronoun to a noun to make it emphatic."

Immediately afterwards, Dr. Dryden and his family withdrew: the rest felt disinclined to part so soon, for it was still rather early, so we drew our chairs to the fire, for the evening had become chill, and planned a pic-nic, we hoped to have in a short time, to the Silvery Foss, a magnificent waterfall, thirty feet high, and seven miles from Myddleton.

Miss Alice Grey wished we could ensure a fine day for it, but saw no means of effecting this, until some one suggested they had better pray for one: she had known fine days come when petitioned for, so aunt Percy proposed we should all do so, the day before it took place.

"I hope you do not object to this, Edward?" she said, smiling at that youth, who stammered and reddened a little as he replied,

"I am not accustomed to this sort of thing, madam, but I will concede to your wishes if possible."

Miss Egremont, who had long been in the habit of praying for almost everything she wanted, and like Timothy, "Had read the Scriptures from being a child," said—

"With your permission, I will give you a little of my experience about praying. Some time ago, I was much annoyed by sundry sheep, that felt no more scruple, in coming into the garden, eating the tops of the plants, trampling down, and completely spoiling the beds with their hard feet, than the dew does of settling on the leaves and flowers. I could devise no means, by which I could keep the grounds clear of these little plagues, until one day, I thought I would pray about it; but, on reflection, it seemed too trivial to mention at the throne of grace, when the words, 'At all times make known

your requests unto Him, with all prayer and supplication,' were deeply impressed upon my mind. Thus encouraged, I asked God to protect the garden from the sheep, and they have never spoilt it since."

She was asked, how oft she generally prayed? She replied—

"Three times a day, and I never rise from my knees, without knowing my sins are forgiven."

Thus she keeps her account, between her Maker and herself well.

I have heard her say, she has hit upon an excellent method of praying.

She begs the Almighty to bless, keep, comfort, and save, the whole human race, and thus secures all the blessings she possibly can for them—friends and foes alike.

Edward Mertoun was of opinion, that people must have a great struggle to obtain pardon for their transgressions, every time they prayed.

Mrs. Percy thought, when this is the case, they must have struggled through many sins since last they prayed; but, "According to your faith, it shall be done unto you."

Time flew on wings of down; and we soon perceived with regret, that the large hand of the clock, pointed to half-past ten, when we rose to depart.

Mr. Edward Mertoun was not disposed to

leave when we did; I have never yet been informed why he stayed behind.

It was a calm, bright night; made so by myriads of stars, that sparkled and twinkled, like the merry, laughing eyes of young, happy children.

I preferred to walk home; and Charles Mertoun, after putting the ladies into his carriage, and seeing it safely off, accompanied me.

On our way thither, he said—

"What do you think of Miss Egremont's manner of living?"

"That she is wise beyond compare."





#### CHAPTER III.

AUDE Egremont has been telling me that this afternoon, she was reclining on a couch, in the drawing-room, feeling slightly depressed after her usual morning's walk; so, to refresh herself, she took her flight to Heaven awhile, to see what was going on there; but principally to have a talk with Moses.

"After I arrived," she said, "I called at my grandfather's house, wherein I found a silver dish which I ventured to borrow, and upon which I put some bunches of grapes and pomegranates, for Moses and myself to eat, as we sat by a beautiful lake, clear as crystal, which I call the Liquid Gem, on account of its extraordinary brightness.

I am fond of talking to Moses; and this afternoon, laughable to relate, he told me all about his

courting days. where, when, and how, he proposed to Zipporah; and how she if'd and butt'd, blushed and hesitated, and for a certain, and what seemed to him, a lengthy period, appeared to be sadly undecided, in this most momentous matter, but a merry twinkle, that stole into his eyes at this moment, convinced me that he did not fully believe in all this stammering, dubious, and what, perhaps, was meant, for a time, to be sad tantalizing work.

I was just leading him on to tell me what she wore on the wedding-day, when the lady herself joined us, and regaled me with an elaborate description of her bridal apparel, and her really elegant trousseau.

Such is the effect that all this bustle and grandeur had on her youthful mind, that even now, she assured me, she occasionally fancies herself arrayed in a cloud of spotless white, and walking once more to the altar, where her revered father stood in his surplice, with an open book before him, waiting to perform the ceremony, which was to unite her to the man, whom, after all, she had loveds ince first they met, which called forth a hearty laugh from her once liege-lord, as he rose to leave us, and went away, pluming himself, I believe, on what he considered his miraculous insight into feminine propensities. After having some more talk with her, about the dress and customs of the period in which she lived, I rose, and, after promising to pay her another visit

shortly, kissed Zipporah, and bid her good bye.

"Oh may we thus ensure,
A lot among the blest;
And watch a moment to secure,
An everlasting rest."

"That ye be not slothful, but followers of those, who through faith and patience, inherit the promises."





### CHAPTER IV.

busy this morning. Mrs. Percy and the Misses Egremont are coming to spend a few weeks with me; and when about to entertain friends, I make a point of looking over all the rooms, to see that nothing is out of order, and everything such as nice pieces of scented soap, combs, brushes, pincushions, &c., are all in their places; for fear the servants have overlooked some of them, or utterly neglected the whole.

A merry laugh, and light footsteps in the hall, apprized me of the near approach of some of them.

I went out of the breakfast room, to be warmly embraced, first by Rosa, and then Maude Egremont. Aunt Percy brought up the rear. I found she had been staying awhile with these young ladies, and this accounts for their all coming together.

After they had divested themselves of their walking dresses, and were seated in my modest

drawing-room, we began to make arrangements for the long hoped for pic-nic to the Silvery Foss. Aunt Percy had seen Mr. and Mrs. Mertoun, who with themselves, had fixed upon to-morrow for it. If agreeable to yourself," she added.

"I am entirely at your disposal; but I fear the weather will not permit us to go quite so soon."

A heavy shower of rain had just fallen, which left drops of water hanging on the window frame, that looked like a string of gems.

Shortly, hope revived, for the sun shone out in brilliant splendour, and quickly dried up the moisture that clung to grass, and tree, to bud, and flower, and made the river glitter like a sheet of polished silver.

The clouds dispersed, and large dark shadows, like tall giants, chased each other in quick succession, across the landscape.

Miss Rosa Egremont asked me the reason of this

"It is the sun, that throws the representation of passing clouds on the ground."

One part of the country was bright with sunlight, another shrouded in comparative darkness, but it was stationary.

Mrs. Percy explained, that this was caused, by an immense dark cloud, which lay between that part of the grounds, and the sun whose rays were intercepted by it, so it could not therefore illumine that portion of the earth.

What a famous friend the sun is! We can always safely depend upon his doing his duty, no matter how negligent we ourselves are in performing ours.





### CHAPTER V.

EXT morning, we were up with the lark; for we hoped to spend a long pleasant day together, in the country which, at this early hour, looked as fresh and bright as a newly gathered bouquet.

I went to the larder, to make a selection of provisions to take with us, for we could get nothing at the Silvery Foss, but tea and coffee at a small snuggery near, called the White House.

I took a tongue, a cold turkey, some mince pies, new bread, and a mould of fresh butter, on the top of which a certain dairy maid had suggestively printed a cow.

This was the very last journey our poor little horned friend was destined to make, for Mr. Edward Mertoun unceremoniously beheaded it in the parlour of the White House.

We filled five carriages. The horses wore bells and white favours, the drivers coloured ones; and had the honour of throwing sundry small coins to numerous groups of curly-headed, rosy-faced, village boys, who generously took it upon them to cheer us vociferously, every time we had the good fortune to approach the confines of their territories.

After playing at various round games till we were tired, we had luncheon in a tent, during which, a band of strolling musicians gave us several pieces of really excellent music.

When the repast was over, I went out to give them some money that had been contributed by our party, and found an elderly lady, talking to them about preparing for Heaven.

One of them, with tears in his eyes, said:

"Tell your master we should not waste time in playing, if we could get some work."

She hastened to assure them that their music was a great boon to the majority of people; for it was most refreshing, and that God did not object to their earning an honest livelihood in any way they pleased.

As we returned home, the evening was so balmy, and the walks about Myddleton so inviting, that, when within a mile of it, several of us were tempted to alight from the carriages, dismiss the drivers, and walk leisurely home across some fields by the river's side.

After walking half a mile, I overtook Mrs. Percy and Mr. Mertoun who, by some means, had succeeded in getting before me.

They were standing talking on the brink of the river.

As the rapid waters of the Rhyne rolled swiftly past, Mrs. Percy observed:—

"This reminds me of another river, —'Whose streams make glad the city of God.' Do you read the Bible, Charles?"

"Not so oft as I ought, I am afraid."

At this moment a silvery voice fell on our ears.

Mr. Mertoun started, and looked uneasily in the direction whence it proceeded.

It was Miss Egremont's, which is so clear, sweet, and highly cultivated, that once heard, can scarcely be forgotten, and so gentle that oft, when she speaks, the words fall from her lips as softly as a rose leaf alights upon the ground borne thither by the gentlest zephyr.

She, and a few more, had taken a different path from that we had come on, so we nearly met at an angle of the high road, for, at this instant, we emerged from among the trees, which grow thickly on both sides of the river, and regained it, where we were destined to be witnesses of a rather provoking, but decidedly ludicrous scene.

A young farmer, after his day's work was over, was amusing himself by playing a game of marbles with a few friends.

It was clear, from what his wife said, who was giving him a loud and hot scolding for this degenerate deed, that he was a member of some christian society.

"As I say," she vociferated, "Leet en darkness es nowt to do wi one another, &c. &c.," which, being interpreted meant, that he must either give up his profession of religion, or forego, what appeared to her, the low practice of all innocent amusements.

The poor misguided youth, completely non-plussed by this attack, compromised the matter by leaving his simple marbles, and walking quietly into the house.

After this slight interruption, aunt continued:

"As I was about to say, Charles, it is time for you to decide your character, and join the church.

Though the invitation,—'Come thou, and all thy house, into the ark,' is sent you now: it would be unwise, and even dangerous, to presume upon it; for, though young and strong, I need not remind you that you may, soon and suddenly, be called away from earth. If this be your lot, you will wish to go to your Father God, and be able to sing the new song, with all those who will be redeemed from the earth.

Let me advise you not to waste your life in trifles instead of seeking Eternal life."

"I don't fully understand what piety is, what effect it has on the mind, though I have oft thought, it would be best to make an effort to secure it."

"You are well acquainted with human love; and know that the affection you bear your parents, wife, and children, greatly beautifies and enriches life.

Divine love is so like it, that the two might be twin sisters, with this exception, the latter is more ethereal, and consequently a sweeter thing than human affection."

"The first thing that led me to think seriously of these matters was the firm confidence I saw Miss Egremont show in the Supreme, during a terrific thunderstorm that swept over the town a few weeks ago.—I thought I would give worlds for the precious faith she possessed. I am beginning too, to feel that we need something better and firmer to rest upon than the empty, fleeting, and unsatisfactory things, of this transitory earth."

"Then lean on the Rock of Ages; and you will find that he will strew your path with flowers, and his love will be like a sweet perfume, shed over your young existence."

I was agreeably surprised, and highly gratified, to find that he took a real interest in these things, and especially so, when after supper, which he took with us, he stayed to family prayer, and I was sure I heard him softly murmur,—

"To the dear fountain of thy blood, Incarnate God I fly: There let me wash my spotted soul, From sins of deepest dye."





## CHAPTER VI.

THE pic-nic is over: a charming day we had; and sorry we to part at the close.

The walk through the woods and glens was delightful; and immensely, we enjoyed lingering in the romantic dell, and listening to the loud wild roar of the noisy cataract, and exhilarating was the pure mountain air, and enchanting the variety of hill and dale, with the sweet undulating moorland, that extends, like a soft green carpet, as far as the eye can reach.

"Lo! for us the wilds are glad, All in living green arrayed, Opening sweets, they all disclose, Bud and blossom as the rose."

It is our wisdom, to make an effort to secure these pleasant things for ever.

On the following day, Miss Egremont paid a second visit to Heaven.

She had a desire to see how, the inhabitants of the better land live, of what their chief employment consists, and ascertain, if possible, what their future prospects are.

As she approached one of the gates of pearl, which stand open day and night, to show people how welcome they are, she was met by Phinehas the priest, who received her with the words:—"Come in, thou blessed of the Lord."

Immediately she entered, she was delighted to find herself on solid ground, as real and firm as this we live upon at present; and the scenery bore the same resemblance to ours, that the finest porcelain does to common earthen ware.

She walked on, until she came to a large town, in whose suburbs the majority of the houses were built on fine white marble.

The elaborate style of architecture displayed in many, was not only superior, but unlike anything she had ever seen on earth.

As she pursued her way from one place to another, she was met by scenes whose strange beauty ravished and intoxicated her beyond expression.

One especially which she found gave her intense delight.

It was a superb garden, that to judge from

its elegant and costly appearance, must belong to a person of high degree. The walls which surrounded it, and a grotto within it, were built of grey and white marble, though somewhat rougher than that of which the houses were made.—The texture of the foliage that adorned the garden, and well-nigh covered the grot was so fine that it had a soft moss-like appearance; and was composed of many tints, from a delicate crimson to a deep green.\* Even the grass was so smooth that it might almost have been mistaken for velvet.

In the midst of this fair scene stood a glorious being whose beauty rivalled a sunbeam, and was not unlike one.

He was a young man of twenty six, with purple wings—and clothed in a white garment down to his feet, and girded artistically with a golden girdle. His voice was like "The sound of many waters," but not loud and tumultuous, it resembled a soft sweet melody.

Each hair on his head was like a shred of the purest gold, and rose in clusters of curls all round, taken as a whole, it looked like a glittering starry crown. Whether he was the proprietor of the mansion that stood near, or only

<sup>\*</sup> This is quite consistent with nature. In summer, we see red and yellow tints on the moors; and in America, in autumn, the colours the foliage assume, are brilliant and varied.

a visiter there, Miss Egremont could not determine; but a look of recognition his face assumed, the instant she came in sight, informed her that she was no stranger to him.

For a few moments they stood and talked together. When about to leave him, she observed he held a gold repeater in his hand, at which for a moment, he looked very earnestly—he spoke not a word, but an impression was conveyed to her mind that she should "Redeem the time."

She saw that a deep meaning lies in these few words. If she do well, her life will be crowded with blessings on earth, and at last:—
"An entrance will be abundantly ministered unto her, into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

Passing on, she came to a magnificent city, in which many of the houses were overlaid with pure gold, and built on a sea, whose clear rippling wavelets, danced and sparkled merrily, under the genial influence of the orb of day, whose rays fell full on a broad glittering expanse of deep blue waters, which spread out like a vast sheet of the purest ether, until it lost itself in the heavens, and blended with a blaze of light, fleecy clouds, and clear azure skies.

Various ships were on the sea, whose snowy sails resembled the downy pinions of strange wild

birds, which love to make rocks and watery waves their home, far away from the busy haunts of men.

It was evidently a place intended, not only, for business, but also prepared for a pleasure-loving, pleasure-seeking people; for numerous elegant boats lay in the harbour that shone like burnished gold.

In one of these sat a young girl of eighteen, prettily dressed in a blue cloak, and sailor hat, trimmed with blue ribbon, and a young man, who, from the striking resemblance he bore her, must be her brother; and was a few years her senior.

It was obvious they were about to take a trip, whither, Miss Egremont could not tell; but, from certain remarks they made, she thought it was their intention to coast to the other end of the city, a distance of ten miles, and were waiting for some friends to join them.

In the boat were a book, a satchel, and a guitar. The youth took up the instrument, and after playing a few well-known airs, began to chant, in a low voice, the forty-eighth psalm, and accompanied himself.

Though Maude Egremont, who was passing through deep waters at the time, was sure he could know nothing about her, yet, as he sang, he laid a slight emphasis on the words,—"God is known in her palaces, for a refuge."—This brought to her mind the promise:—"In the sixth

trouble I will be with thee, and in the seventh, I will not forsake thee;" and greatly strengthened thereby, she waited to hear the end of the beauteous song, which she is very fond of:—"This God is our God for ever and ever: he will be our guide even unto death."

As she walked slowly along one of the golden streets, thinking it was time to return home, she remarked that all was bustle and activity. It looked like a market day, but, be that as it may, certain it was, that it was one of the working days, there are six of these, and a holy day in one of their weeks, exactly as we have in ours.

The Sabbath was observed in Heaven, before it was ordained on earth; for, after God had worked six 'days, when making this world, he "Rested on the seventh, and hallowed it." It is highly probable that it has been kept holy there, ever since it was instituted, and that it will remain so for ever.

Miss Egremont parted from Phinehas, who had accompanied her on her eventful tour, with regret; and bid adieu to scenes she was learning to love too well, to wish to leave them a second time; and once more returned to earth, to give us an account of her travels, in doing so she said:—

"Whichever way I turned,-

"Surprised I saw new beauties rise, Swift mantling to my view." But I had one rather serious drawback to my visit there, which would otherwise have been an immense pleasure to me.

When I saw the angels, I felt very sorry, as I took a retrospect of the past, because I had not lived better. I saw that I had oft been doing something, when I ought to have been doing something else; and some of these superb beings might have been near me at these most unfortunate times.

They however said nothing about it, which produced the happy effect of speedily reassuring me.

Her sister Rosa asked:-

"Do they strongly resemble ourselves in appearance?"

"In some respects: their stature and features are exactly like those of human beings. Some have complexions, of course, very different from our own.

I have at length discovered what the meaning of those four faces is, some are described as having."

"What can it be?"

"The first, is the face, or likeness of a man. The second, that of a lion: this denotes great courage. The third, is that of an ox, which signifies immense strength. These things are easily discernible, and are called faces, that means im-

pressions, or appearances. The last is the face of an eagle, which plainly refers to their high bred manners, that are natural to them; and bear no resemblance to haughtiness. There is an easy gracefulness and dignity in their carriage, which remind one of the movements of this queen of birds; and that are not bestowed upon man.

No amount of mental culture, and mingling in the highest society, combined with the greatest natural gifts, would impart that elegance to our persons, they possess. Hence they are said to be like eagles.

It is the same as saying, that a high-born, high-bred, lady is stag-like.

I well remember one who spoke to Phinehas just before I left him, whose appearance was like lightning, and his eyes as lamps of fire.

He spoke so beautifully that as the word fell from his lips, it strikingly reminded me of dropping gems out of a vase"—

The reason why they are supplied with wings, is, because they have probably much to do with the management of distant worlds; and they are given to enable them to travel rapidly, immense distances across space, where no railroads can be made, and much more quickly than they could go on horseback or in carriages; for it is obvious the horses and chariots they use can pass through

the air, for they came for Elijah. Besides, many angels may have this kind of work to do, who cannot afford to keep equipages; for we may safely come to the conclusion that there are many ranks, the same as there are of human beings.

We are made a little lower than they; so the greatest of them must be higher than the kings of the earth; but there are probably many, whose position is not much superior to our working classes.

It is impossible to calculate at what rate they fly.

When a tiny bird but a few inches long, far outstrips a railway train, running at its greatest speed, we can form not the slightest conception with what rapidity such beings as these can travel.

There may be a mistake with regard to the immense distance they are supposed to live from us. Astronomers tell us that the nearest of the fixed stars, cannot be less than thirty-two billions of miles from the earth; and these are suns to other systems like our own, and have planets, moons, and comets, moving round them at immense distances, like those of our solar system. And Heaven is spoken of as being,

"Infinite lengths, beyond the bounds,
Where stars revolve their little rounds."

If this be the case, it looks as though a very considerable portion of the angels' time must be

spent in travelling, notwithstanding their great powers, if they be always attending good people in this world, as we are given to understand they are.

Those who are fortunate enough to reach Heaven, will probably find that it is in the midst of creation, not on the confines of it, as this excellent poet thinks. That it is above the sky scarcely admits of a doubt.

When the Saviour left earth he was,—"Received up into Heaven," and again,—"A cloud received him out of their sight." It is also written, "The Lord himself shall descend from Heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and the trumpet of God."

People generally begin to think it is there when very young. Perhaps the Spirit impresses this upon the minds of children, that they may have a fixed place of abode to look forward to.





## CHAPTER VII.

OSA Egremont wondered what those kind offices are that the angels perform for people, when sent to earth, on missions of mercy. To which Mrs. Percy replied, by giving the following list of things she believed they do.

"The captain of the schooner Amazon, of Stavanger, recently arrived at Bergen with a cargo of salt, and reports that in passing the British Channel, he had the opportunity of saving a British boy of fifteen, under very peculiar circumstances. The Amazon was about twelve miles from the British shore, when the captain thought he observed, through his telescope, something floating on the water. He altered his course, so as to get nearer, and soon discovered that it was a small boat in which a boy was lying fast asleep. The shouting from the schooner did not awaken him, but when a small log was thrown into the boat, he awoke with a sudden start, an end of line was thrown to him, and he was just able to fasten it when he

swooned, and had to be carried on board the vessel. In the boat nothing was found but a pair of oars and a Bible. The youth when brought back to life and strength, by the tender care bestowed upon him, gave the following account of his fate:-" He was sitting on the shore, reading his Bible, when some of his companions came down to him, and teased him with the manner in which he spent his leisure time. To escape from their banter he 'got into a boat, and kept on reading, when, suddenly, he discovered to his great dismay, that his persecutors had cut the line, and left his frail boat to the power of the quickly-running ebb. He tried to use the oars, but struggled in vain against wind and water, and as a dense fog set in, he soon lost After several hours of alternate sight of land. struggle and powerless despair, he fell asleep, and sleep remained, in fact his only comfort against hunger, cold, and the deep pangs of his isolation, during three days and two nights, he had spent in his frail boat, when he was at last seen and saved."

I have not a doubt, but an angel guided that boat safely to the schooner. These gentle messengers constantly bring sunshine into our homes.

A man, is allowing heavy losses, and bitter disappointments, to press too heavily upon him, until he feels as though, unless aid come, he shall utterly sink beneath them. Suddenly, a reaction comes, and cheered and elevated he feels well able to go forth and, once more battle bravely with the trials of life.

He knows not whence this timely comfort came. An angel had been and strengthened him.

They probably visit people thousands of times, when not sent, just to see how they are getting on, especially at such times as when evening parties, and other amusements are given; and enjoy the innocent mirth around them quite as much as ourselves.

The knowledge that they visit us, should induce people to keep their houses and persons neat and clean. It is surely worth while, to win a good opinion from those with whom we hope to live through countless ages.

People are sometimes influenced by them, in selecting books in libraries, for this reason:—

A lady is slightly out of health. She thinks it but a temporary illness; and attaches but little importance to it. Though unknown to herself, her constitution is gradually breaking up. She chooses a certain book which contains some excellent hints on health. It leads her to take more interest in herself, and following the advice given, is speedily restored to health.

Her guardian angel fully understood her case

and, by directing her to that book, saved her from both a fearful amount of pain and premature death.

They come and go as gently as day breaks on a sweet summer morning, but wonderful are the works they perform among the children of men. They keep them from railway accidents, explosions, and falling buildings.

Worldly people are not so well protected as christians, because they will not take the trouble to ask for it. If they were to do so, we should have fewer of these things to contend with."

The spirits of the just made perfect must be employed in the same way, though some doubt their being able to return to earth after they have once left it.

It is clear enough they are taken to Heaven when they die,—" Lazarus was carried by angels into Abraham's bosom."

We also read "To depart, and be with Christ, is far better."

It is evident they have the power to leave this world, then they must be capable of returning to it. What can prevent their doing so?

How, the angels live is answered to a certain extent in scripture. We see from a visit some once paid Abraham, that they eat and drink. It is impossible to say what they eat, but their food

is probably exactly like our own. What God makes in this world, he is well able to create in any other.

It was substantial meat Abraham set before them, and they seemed to enjoy it thoroughly.

But the question,—Of what does their food consist? is immaterial: this will be revealed hereafter.

The principal thing we need notice at present is the fact, that they are people who eat and drink, probably, not for mere pleasure, but to sustain their strength.

Eating necessitates cooking, therefore some must be artificers in brass, iron, and steel. If they live entirely on fruit and manna, the latter is so hard, that the children of Israel beat it in mortars, before BAKING it. With nothing but these things on the table, they require dishes, and plates, besides knives, and spoons.

It is scarcely presumption to think they have all kinds of crockery, and gold and silver drinking vessels, as well as table-cloths, and napkins, and that there are manufacturers amongst them; for people who eat, require to be washed; so they must use soap, towels, and water, here are other kinds of manufacture.

We see that they are under the necessity of making linen, so it is reasonable to suppose they also manufacture fine fabrics for articles of dress.

After going through the process of washing, the hair needs dressing, so they must use combs and brushes, and have dressing-rooms with toilettables in them, where the last operation is gone through. This says plainly some are cabinetmakers. These table-cloths and other kinds of linen need washing; and houses where cooking and washing are done, require cleaning.

We cannot suppose such as Gabriel and Michael who are clearly very great, do all these things for themselves. Doubless, one class waits upon another.

There are certainly only angels and archangels spoken of in the Bible: this might lead us to suppose there are but two classes; but then, the whole human race are merely called men: this includes kings, and peasants, besides women, and children.

I infer there may be many degrees of angels, from God's great love of variety, which is endless in this world.

From what we see of his ways, he never cares to make two things exactly alike. No two days even of our lives, however monotonous we make them, are perfectly alike. There will always be so many things to take the attention, that they will remain so for ever.

This living in Heaven, as we do on earth, is an undeniable proof that they must have working days, for they would not be allowed to do all this household work on the Sabbath.

To suppose that all their days are alike, entirely does away with the sanctity of the whole.

It is evident they need fires; so their country must abound with wood, coal, or both. But evidence, is given that these fires are kept up for other purposes than merely preparing food.

A notion prevails that angels do not use substances, and consequently do not value them.

We read of one, who in Saint John's time, measured a city with a gold reed. The gold of which this rod was made, had been dug out of a material earth, melted in a fire, and then cast into a rod.

This is another proof that they, not only do work, but very hard work.

Whether this reed was his own property or another's, there could be nothing to prevent him from appreciating a thing he could use so dexterously.

This reed was gold, this is solid enough; and an undeniable evidence that they have, at least, one substantial thing. Where there is one, there must be many. So their houses must be as real as our own. It was strong food that Abraham gave them, bread, veal, and butter. They ate some, or all of these things. They could not have attempted to do so if they had not been accustomed to them.

It is uncertain whether flour forms a part of their food. If it do, it must be produced in the same way as ours. In this case, they work the estate as our people do this world.

It is clear they have dressing, dining-rooms, and kitchens, to which bedrooms, are doubtless added; for it is certain they require rest.

We, shall always be obliged to rest a very considerable portion of the time, notwithstanding the prevailing opinion, that once in Heaven, the whole of it can be employed in study, or any other pursuit people please. Time there is measured by celestial machinery, the same as earth; it is cut up into days and weeks; for we are informed, that when the Lord made the world, he worked six days, and rested on the "He rested, and was refreshed." He seventh. did not merely wait awhile. We perceive from this, that he, not only, needed rest, but a good long one, and he was refreshed by it. It was grateful to him, as rest can only be, to those who are tired.

This may always have been his way of living, and always will be.

When he himself, who must be much stronger than any he makes, requires to rest a seventh part of the time, to make his life easy and agreeable, he is scarcely likely to create beings who can live entirely without it. So there is strong presumptive evidence that the angels, who must need much more rest than himself, sleep. For it is reasonable to suppose, that people who eat regularly, also require this.

## "Nature's sweet restorer."

And that they take rest, at stated times, every twenty-four hours; that both their minds and bodies may continually be invigorated, and kept in a strong healthy state, and that we shall always be obliged to do the same, and shall require couches and easy chairs, as well as beds, the former, not only for pleasure but also to rest in occasionally during the day, besides taking refreshing sleep in the night, at least at the same time that we have night at present.

With regard to the manner in which we shall occupy the time, there cannot be a doubt, but that Sundays will be spent in much the same way as they are on earth, with this exception, instead of having sermons preached, there will be services of song, with psalms of thanksgiving, instead of prayers, and the sacrament.

The following verse is a fair specimen of what the songs will be:—

"Lord of the Sabbath, hear our vows, On this thy day, in this thy house; And own as grateful sacrifice, The songs that from thy servants rise."

And the vocation of those who have been ministers of the gospel in this life, will still be, to officiate in holy things, and they will be priests to God for ever.





## CHAPTER VIII.

O you think we shall eat in Heaven, aunt?" I inquired of Mrs. Percy, as I laid down my pen a moment, to have a little conversation with her; for my lady friends are still with me; so I snatch an hour for writing, any time when convenient; and the Misses Egremont had gone to another room to practice music an hour or two; and aunt Percy had for some time been deeply engrossed in a new volume of Tennyson's poems, that had just been brought in; so I placed a sheet of paper before me, intending to fill it if possible, while they were thus engaged.

Her response to my question was:-

"How, people exist there, immediately after they have left earth is uncertain, but after the resurrection, when the body will once more live, I feel confident, we shall be so constituted, that we shall have to eat and drink, in order that the fluids of the body may constantly be renewed and enriched, and thereby the whole system strengthened and supported."

I felt very dubious about it so I asked:-

"Will you assign a reason for supposing this will be the case?"

"I consider evidence of it is given in the fact, that our Lord ate, after he rose from the dead. According to my thinking, this must still be his manner of living, for why should he eat on earth and not in Heaven; and that he will always spend a portion of his time in visiting at his friends' houses, exactly- as he did when here; and that Enoch, Elijah, Lazarus, and those that rose from the dead, when Christ died, all do the same.

I am of opinion that these latter were translated, and not permitted to see death a second time.—

The Saviour was exactly like ourselves; and his resurrection, I believe, to be a true type of our own. He assumed again the same perfect body he laid down; for he did not see corruption.

The change that passed over him was sufficiently great to save him in future, effectually, from disease and pain; but it does not, at all, appear to have freed him from the common wants nature imposes upon us. So long as he lived on earth, he doubtless felt, and still feels, cold, and heat, hunger, and thirst, as keenly as we.

In like manner our bodies will be given again:

not a particle will be lost; for we are not only to see him; but to be *like* him. We are, "To be *fashioned*, like his own glorious body, according to the working, whereby he is able even to subdue all things unto himself.

Moreover the angels eat; and we can neither expect to be stronger than they, nor see one portion of the community eat, and the other not.

The meaning of the words:—"They shall hunger no more," is, that people will dwell in a land of plenty: no one will be in danger of starving, or almost perishing of thirst. We cannot suppose that they are, at all, intended to convey the impression, that no one will feel hungry. Hunger itself is a great blessing: it sharpens the appetite and makes eating a greater pleasure than it could possibly be, if we were always to feel that we need nothing."

"Why is so little revealed to us about the future?"

"To draw out our minds, and compel us to think for ourselves. The Lord wont have us like helpless children all our lives, always depending upon him for everything.

Though I incline to think that the Lord Jesus aterafter he rose from the dead; and that visit to Abraham, you have already mentioned, happened partly, to show people what Heaven will be hereafter.

Another, and perhaps the principal reason he may have, for retaining much about the future may be, to ascertain whether people will love, and wish to be with him, irrespective of all minor considerations.

If he had assured us we should have good things to eat and drink besides living in splendid mansions; and have all the elegancies high society and pleasant living can bestow, if we will only go to him, full many, would gladly go, not to be with him, by any means, but to get these delightful things; for in the days of his flesh they followed him. For what? "The loaves and fishes." And would not multitudes fain go to Heaven for the same? So instead, he says:—"Eat and drink beloved;" but it is from the tree and river of life. "For in all things he will have the pre-eminence."

There can scarcely be a doubt as to how the six working days of the week will be spent. If we eat, there will be shopping to do, so there will be merchants and provision dealers.

Like our angel brothers we shall need washing; and shall require linen for towels, table-cloths, and other domestic purposes.

Besides we shall have to make clothes for ourselves: therefore we shall have manufacturers and drapers of every description, to supply us with various kinds of goods.

Evidence of this is given in the two following facts. The two young men, who sat in the sepulchre, wore white garments. It is also written:—
"Some have entertained angels unawares." These must wear real clothes; and not be enveloped in clouds, or anything of this kind, or they would not have been mistaken for men. In this particular, we shall be like them.

So far as we are able to understand these things, Heaven will be the Paradise our first parents lost, given us again.

After Adam was made, work was given him, he had to be a gardener; so different kinds of employment will be provided for us.

Many will probably always prefer manual labour to brain work: hence the "upper ten" will be able to keep as many servants as they please; for many of the working classes are really fond of living in service.

The angels have probably always lived in the same way, and always will.

I should say the greatest of them spend two or three hundred thousands a year each, on their establishments.

No doubt old Canaan, is another true type of the new Jerusalem.

It is highly probable that a portion of land will be given each person; but in addition to it,

he will be able to make as much as he can by trade.

As we are sure to need almost everything we have on earth, it is also certain we shall have people to provide us everything that is necessary both for our pleasure and comfort.

In this world all can find something to do that pleases him; it will be the same in Heaven.

Many will once more assume the vocations they followed on earth. Not only the painter, the sculptor, and the musician, will naturally be the fondest of what they have been accustomed to do; but the draper, the grocer, the cabinet-maker, the mason, and the shoe-maker, will also be the same.

We shall need these latter; for houses will grow old, and want repairing, and finally decay; and new ones will have to be built in their places.

Furniture, carpets, mats, and clothes, will wear out; and must constantly, be replaced by new ones. We shall be permitted every luxury in houses and furniture we have at present.

Some people's opinions respecting these things, are too strict.

They say—christians should not indulge in costly furniture.

The Bible does not enjoin so much self-denial upon people. In referring to similar things, the

Lord says:—"You have houses ceiled with cedar, and painted with vermilion;" but he merely states this as a fact: he neither spoke reprovingly of it, nor forbade them to build more like them; so far from it, in naming the subject a second time he exhorted them, after they had built goodly houses, and dwelt therein, not to forget himself.

He here gave them full permission to have them.

As he puts no veto upon elegant residences, it follows he will also allow them to have furniture to correspond with them: a glance will suffice to show any one, there is no difference between the two.

When the Saviour spoke of Heaven he said:—
"In my Father's house, are many mansions." This informs us, that the homes of many in the better land, are not only good, but magnificent.

If it be sinful to have good furniture, why are various sorts of beautiful wood, such as ebony, satin, and rosewood, put into creation? They must be placed here, for the use of those who can afford such luxuries.

It will be necessary to have many work-people; for, not only, will these houses need cleaning; but the gardens and orchards also keeping in order, and the highroads repairing.

Many of them will probably be those who have

sorely oppressed people in this world; and others who have led profane lives, but were saved at the eleventh hour.

The penny a day, which means eternal life, will be given these as well as others;—"Who have borne the burden and heat of the day;" but there will be a very material difference between the two; for there is no such thing, as people being equals on earth, and there never will be in Heaven.

When speaking of rich and poor people, it is quite a common thing to hear the remark—they both will soon be in the grave where, at last, they will be equals.

People are no more alike when in the grave, than they are before they die.

Though Howard the philanthropist, is dead, there is a very essential difference between him, and another who led a wicked life, and was saved at the last moment.

The spirits of these are in Heaven.

One is great, the other small, but they will one day return to earth to reclaim their bodies that are parts of themselves; and between which, there is as great a contrast as there is between their souls. The body must be measured by the soul that belongs to it:—"For as one star different from another star in glory, so also, is the resurrection of the dead."—

It is supposed that in Heaven men will be greater than the angels.

Perhaps this notion has originated from the words:-" After this, I beheld a great multitude no man could number, that stood before," or next, "the throne," but be this as it may, we may safely take it for granted, there will be more to claim the attention and stimulate to energy, and as much striving for honours and winning titles of various kinds, as there are on earth. Whether nobles will wear those they have at present, is uncertain; if they do, kings and queens, will probably be called princes and princesses; for we cannot suppose that monarchs will be needed, but there will be rulers: this suggests the idea only, of judges and magistrates. What they will have to do, cannot be, at present, stated for certain; but it is clear, there will be people who will have to be kept in order by them, for they would not be appointed, if there were nothing for them to do. The following, may be tolerable specimens of a few things they will have to attend to.

Disputes about territory.

There will be a general gathering of all nations, kindreds, peoples, and tongues; and how much land will, particularly, and most decidedly, belong to some, according to their notions of things, will be best known, only, to themselves, and what with

their, we had it before you came; and showing a firm determination, in spite of all remonstrance, to retain possession of it: others, who think they also have an equal right to it, will oft find it impossible to settle the matter satisfactorily, without the aid of one of these governors.—

People will be limited to the same restrictions there, that we have here, in such cases as these.

There must be many places in Heaven, like some parts of the west end of London, and other large towns, where nothing can be seen but splendid mansions, beautiful squares, and noble terraces, near which nothing is allowed to be built, that would either mar the beauty of the place, or be a disgrace to it. In the future world, when a working man has saved some money; and thinks he will build a nice house for himself, he would not be permitted to plant it immediately in front, or otherwise in close proximity to one of these elegant residences, no matter how much he may like the situation or surrounding scenery. If any attempt to act in this unseemly manner, the rulers will have to check these presumptuous aspirations. Without a restraint of this kind, there would probably be a mason or weaver, waking up some bright day to the cheering fact that he is suitably settled for the first time in his life, for he has the angel Gabriel on one side of him, and a gentleman

who was once Archbishop of Canterbury on the other.

These rulers will be men of high rank, whose former lives were remarkable for integrity. Their position will be illustrious enough, to stimulate, even the greatest on earth, to endeavour to attain it.—However some young people strive, they never can gain as good a position as they wish. Perhaps they have a severe struggle with fortune in this life, to induce them to make an effort to secure a high station in that which is to come, which is much the longer, and consequently the more important, of the two, for the crown of life will never fade away, and without this cross, they might lose it altogether.—With regard to dress, it will be exactly the same as at present, all the beautiful fabrics we have now will be given again.

The art to manufacture them, is already learnt: it will never be allowed to become useless, and as usual, ladies who prefer it, will wear their hair curled. This is not a too fast way of living; for God himself sets us the example. We see both grown people and children, with hair that curls naturally. What he thus makes, we may safely imitate.—We shall have every kind of plain and fancy needlework.

There formerly was a notion, which may still be credited by some, that it is wrong to do the latter; for I well remember once hearing of a gentleman, a minister of the gospel, who after looking at a piece of rug work, done in brilliant colours, declared it was reddened with the blood of slaughtered time.

Why is a talent for this pretty art given, if not to be improved? But there is sufficient proof in scripture to convince, even the most sceptical, that people have a perfect right to indulge in it. When the tabernacle was made, the people had to embroider curtains for it, and clothes for Aaron the priest. They could not be obliged to learn it, for nothing but to make these few things, besides what the Lord commanded to be offered him, he surely suffered them to have for themselves. The same remark cannot be made with regard to the anointing oil, this was one of the holy things, and they were strictly forbidden to use it; but were left at liberty to do what they pleased with their skill in needlework.

If it were people's duty to make all things as plain as possible, the world would have been made the same: instead, we have precious stones, glittering with all the colours of the rainbow, prettily variegated eggs, and what beauty and endless variety we see in the bespangled heavens, mosses, ferns, leaves, flowers, and the plumage of birds, and what lovely things, are bright sunbeams, and

the pale ethereal moonlight. Great nature is another and very able teacher of this beautiful work, indeed, much that is done, is simply in imitation of her.

People will have a system, whereby their lives will be governed, and not live at random. They will adopt the habit of having a hymn of praise and thanksgiving, or repeat a piece of prose, or something from memory to the same meaning, instead of the family prayers they have been accustomed to.

With regard to the passions, they will never have given that perfect exemption from anger, malice, envy, pride, and jealousy, many are taught to believe they will; on the contrary, they will always be capable of feeling these things, but they themselves have to keep them in check. The angels are subject to them, but it entirely devolves upon themselves to keep them in order, and we cannot expect to be better taken care of than they.

Another emblem of what life will be in the promised land, is that pitching round the tabernacle in families.

How people will live there raises fear in the minds of many; shivering fear of fathers and mothers, who, not knowing the value of those near them, were, during their lives overbearing and oppressive, and infinitely preferred to indulge, for a

season, their whims and caprices, rather than secure, for ever, the respect and affection of their children, and others who were around them.

Don't be alarmed, there will be no compulsion in these matters.—Another pleasure there is in store for us, which is no mean one, is secular literature and music. Much has been said and written against novels. Some object principally, to a very free perusal of them; others think it positively sinful to read them. The sooner these straightlaced notions are laid aside the better.

What is a novel?

Those of a high character, I am an advocate for none else, are, to a great extent, faithful representations, of life, as it is.

Some of these very people who thus disapprove of them, live in beautiful houses, dress elegantly, keep equipages, buy, sell, and get gain; yea, and can even bring themselves to get engaged and married; and on these occasions, like dearly well, to see their future husbands and wives suitably dressed, and their deportment everything that can be desired. After the ceremony is over, they entertain their friends in grand style, and to complete the whole, take a sweet little tour to a distant part of the country. Thus they can do with all these things bravely in real life, but they cannot do with them in print.

When relaxation from severe studies is needed, such works as, Sir Walter Scott's, Disraeli's, Miss Worboise's, and others, of this class, whose morals are really good, and in which beautiful models of high life, are elegantly set forth, can be read with pleasure and profit, for they both cheer and elevate the mind.

People may do both themselves and others an injury, by novel reading, if they permit the tale to gain such ascendancy over their minds that it leads them to neglect business, domestic affairs, books of solid information, the claims society has upon them, work for the church, walks in the fresh air, and proper rest at night: or reading pernicious books, whose prevailing sentiments are screams, reports of pistol shots, daggers and cries of murder; these, both excite the nervous system and have a tendency to pervert the mind. Tales are to the mind, what fruit should be to the palate; things that may be thoroughly enjoyed, but not lived upon entirely. In the future world, many authors will, not only, have the works they wrote here reprinted, but will still continue to favour us with new ones. Besides, there must be many eminent authors among the angels; and another treat, that reserved in Heaven for us, is to read the tens of thousands of books, that must already be stored there, in the public libraries.

That we shall not be compelled to forego the innocent gratification of reading tales, and having secular music, is unmistakably shown in the following manner. When we indulge in these things, in this world, we are not reproved for it, by condemning consciences, and we are always perfectly safe, as long as this is the case. our hearts condemn us not, then we have confidence towards God."—Be it understood, that in speaking of music, I mean that it is right only, to have what is pure and good. Such effusions as, "She Wore a Wreath of Roses," and "Fairy Bells," are fair specimens of what people may safely sing. these matters, Heaven will resemble earth: whatever indulgence is granted us here, will be allowed us there, though, in reality, such things are nothing, but the common life God gives us, turned into poetry. There will also be other kinds of amusements, such as oratorios, games of various sorts, for indoors and out, and concerts.

All our great composers will doubtless be there, and will, once more, keep us well supplied with music.

Some of the angels must be composers as welf. When we reflect that their powers are greater than those of human beings, we naturally expect to hear even finer music than Mozart, Beethoven, Handel, or Mendelssohn, ever produced.

What a rich treat it must be to hear one of them sing! As there are doubtless celestial musicians, there must also be artists of different kinds; so there will be everything in painting and statuary, to gratify even the most fastidious taste.

They spend their leisure hours, as ours will be passed, in visiting at one another's houses, riding, driving, boating, and skating. You will be pleasantly surprised, one day, when paying a visit to one of their houses, to find, on looking through the albums, a life-like portrait of yourself, painted, or otherwise, from memory, and the walls adorned with pictures of his friends on earth.—

There will be many places of resort, such as Scarborough and Brighton, and we shall have them to go about with, on summer evenings, in the saloons, and on the piers, listening to bands of music, and the music of the wild waves, and to take tours with; and any other sweet thing we may happen to take into our heads to do, for it is certain, the Master will like to see us enjoy ourselves in any way we please.

Their love and friendship, will form no mean part of our reward in Heaven. The words:—
"Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive, what there is laid up for those that love him," must refer, in a great measure, to them.

Whether real crowns will be given, for glory and beauty, as Aaron's garments were, is uncertain. The portions of holy writ that relate to crowns, may only be figures of speech, to represent the great blessedness of the future state. The same as saying: the people will be crowned with glory, and eternal life. This metaphorical word is used in this way in the following passages:—"Thou crownest the year with thy goodness:" "Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels; and crowned him with glory and honour."





### CHAPTER IX.

HAVE just come in from taking a walk in the garden, where a pleasant surprise awaited me.

As I approached an arbour, that is snugly ensconced in the north corner, I heard a murmur of voices.—Looking in the direction whence it proceeded, I saw aunt Percy and Charles Mertoun sitting together, eating fruit and cakes.

I had sent him an invitation a week before to spend the day with me; but when it reached him he was taking a tour in Scotland.

As I stopped, and took a peach at their request, he said,

"I have come to-day Ellen, instead of last Tuesday; for I do not happen to be possessed of such an enormous amount of self-denial, that I care to resist the temptation of going to my friends' houses, when they earnestly, or particularly, desire to see me, as I think your note happily expressed it."

We cousins, take these friendly liberties with one another.

I found he had been speaking of his recent conversion, he remarked:—

"At first, I thought the plan of salvation, much more difficult than I afterwards found it. After praying several days, I was led to see clearly what was required of me, so I went to God, confessed I had sinned against him; and asked him to forgive me for Jesu's sake. I fully believed, he would do so; and found that,—

"To me, in his dear name were given, Pardon, and holiness, and Heaven."

When he had finished speaking, I thought, when the judgment is set, and the books opened, he will be glad that he "Remembered his Creator, in the days of his youth."

I could not but admire too, the simple straightforward way in which, at last, he found peace.

At first, he could not quite understand what faith is, and no one he had heard speak of it, had so clearly defined it, as to lead him to see what it really is, yet he was aware, that his very life depended upon his exercising it:—"It is the substance of things hoped for; the evidence of things not seen;" in other words, it is fully believing what the Almighty says.

When you were a boy; if your mother, whose word you never doubted, because she never deceived you, had said, I will take you to town to-morrow, and buy you a kite and other playthings, you would have known that, as sure as the morrow came; if nothing happened to prevent her, you would find yourself on the high road to town, soon to be put in possession of the coveted articles.—In the same way, God insists upon being trusted entirely, by his people, and promises, "To save, to the uttermost, all that come to him by Christ." If this be not sufficient, he assures us again that, "Him that cometh unto him, he will, in no wise, cast out."

Some say, the Lord is so merciful, so much better than ourselves, that he will not surely punish people severely, throughout eternity, for the wrong they do in this life.

As he tells us plainly, that he will do so, we should believe him; and make good use of the information the Bible conveys to us on this subject, for what he says he will do, he is quite capable of performing; and a moment's reflection convinces us, that the best and safest method is to credit fully everything he says; for this ensures peace and safety in this life, and lasting pleasure, in that which is to come.



### CHAPTER X.

TURNED to leave Charles Mertoun, already of Paradise possest, for pressing matters within, compelled me to do so.

As I retraced my steps to the house, I observed for the first time, that the early tints of autumn were stealing over the leaves, and the dahlias had begun to drop their gold and crimson petals on the ground; but the air was still musical with the song of birds, and the sun shone brightly and merrily down upon the beds, that glowed with myriads of flowers of every hue. The nasturtiums looked shyly up from among their clustering leaves, like little blushing faces that were afraid of being seen; and masses of roses and carnations shed around their sweet perfume.—A thrush alighted on a stem near, and poured forth such a volley of notes from its little throat, that was truly surprising.

I think much of birds' singing, rightly defined, is merry laughter.

I stopped a moment to admire the bright scene before me, and the next instant encountered Mr. Edward Mertoun and Miss Rosa Egremont, who were coming to meet me. Knowing them to be great admirers of nature, I repeated the following lines as they drew near:—

"The morning flowers display their sweets,
And gay their silken leaves unfold,
As careless of the noontide heats,
As fearless of the evening cold."

# To which Rosa responded:—

"Nipt by the wind's unkindly blast,
Parched by the sun's directer ray,
The momentary glories waste,
The short-lived beauties die away."

Edward Mertoun took up the strain by remarking,

"The next verse is applicable to you my fair friend," as he glanced proudly at the sweet being by his side:—

"So blooms the human face divine,
When youth its pride of beauty shows,
Fairer than spring the colours shine,
And sweeter than the virgin rose."

But neither his happy, and slightly excited face, nor the extreme satisfaction he evidently found in her, could prevent me from thinking of the accompanying impressive lines:—

"Or worn by slowly-rolling years,
Or broke by sickness in a day,
The fading glory disappears,
The short-lived beauties die away."

For I was afraid consumption had set its seal upon her.

She drooped much during the heat of summer, and especially in spring, when nature roused herself from the comparative rest she had enjoyed during the winter months, and put forth a great effort to reproduce vegetation; and Miss Rosa, felt in contending with it, like a weak person who endeavours to walk with a strong one: she could scarcely keep pace with the imperious dame; but one thing she did, and did well, was effectually to resist that gloomy depression, which is incident to extreme youth: which at times, appeared fully resolved, to gain ascendancy over her.

But I did sincerely hope she would escape a severe illness, for she and Edward Mertoun are now engaged. It was brought about in this wise.

For some time, she had been acquainted with Lieutenant Leaburn, a gentleman she met in the south, when at school there, two or three years ago. Lately, his attentions to her, had become so assiduous, that they could have but one termination, unless he was a hypocrite, of the profoundest and most accomplished order.

One afternoon, six or seven weeks ago, I happened to call at Ash Villa, and found my sweet friend Rosa, in a flushed excited state, pretending to read a poem, letter, or something else she had received that morning from a friend at a distance.

As I entered the house, the lieutenant left it, and this, together with the utter absence of the calm dignity which usually characterised her, fully convinced me, that he must have been asking her to be his wife.

If I could have had a doubt about the validity of my surmisings, it would soon have been resolved, by her half, and then altogether, confessing it was the case.

But there was an impediment to all this, even Edward Mertoun; who immediately he heard Lieutenant Leaburn was in the town, came in hot haste, to Ash Villa, and falling gracefully on one knee before her, said:—

"Marry me, Rosa, or I shall die."

And explained, that diffidence alone, and not presumption, had prevented him from avowing himself before.

And the great transaction was brought to an end; for she promised there and then, to be his, till death should part them.

How he happened to hear that his rival was amongst us, is best known to himself.

Some said, I had sent him word.

Others said, no, the information reached him from another quarter.

Cousins are cousins certainly; and if I made a slight concession to oblige him, it is not by any means the first time I have been called upon to plan and manœuvre and that to a considerable extent to let him have all his own way knowing how much his happiness and general well being depend upon his securing it.





## CHAPTER XI.

FEW days after I had recorded the preceding events, Mrs. Percy and I, went to spend an evening at Lilly Croft Hall, where we had the pleasure of seeing cousin Edward, as well as Mr. and Mrs. Mertoun, for he lives with them.

Nothing affords the young married people greater pleasure than having him with them; and he infinitely prefers it, either to keeping a lonely house, or living in solitary apartments.

We went early, for they wished us to take a drive with them, by the river's side before dinner.

On returning to the house, two little fairies, both aged three, who generally answer to the names, Daisy, and Jessamine, came bounding down the gravel walk to meet us.

They are very miniatures of their mamma, and one wears a pink necklace and the other a blue one, to distinguish them from each other.

After spending half an hour in their charming society; and inspecting at their request, every plaything they could possibly drag from the nursery, even to two very stylish looking wax dolls, that appeared almost as large as themselves, as they tugged them in, and were contributed to their stock of goods by, "Auntish," as they choose to call Mrs. Percy, I went in search of the rest, and found aunt and Edward Mertoun in the drawing-room engaged, as I soon perceived, in earnest conversation, on serious subjects; so I sat down, and listened in silence.

What had already passed, I am unable to say, but in reply to some advice Mrs. Percy had evidently given him, he was just saying:—

"I hope I shall be converted some time, but not now."

"If you continue wilfully, to neglect the great salvation, you may lose it altogether; and with it all light, joy, comfort, and lasting happiness; for there is an awful declaration in scripture:—"My spirit shall not always strive with man." It is your wisdom to make good use of the time and privileges granted you, and never rest till you know your sins are forgiven; for—

"Nothing is worth a thought beneath, But how I may escape the death, That never never dies." If you do not make an effort to secure Heaven, you may have the pain of seeing all your friends and relatives safe there, and you yourself shut out."

"I am aware that all you say is simple truth; but if I get religion, I shall be obliged to give up much that I am very fond of, as dancing &c.; and I naturally wish to enjoy life a little longer."

"You, no doubt, think it wrong to indulge in these things?"

"Some good people think there is no harm in dancing; others believe it, to be sinful.

We must turn to the law and the testimony, to settle this important question. It is well understood that a dance is a revelry, and the Bible says:—"Revellers, shall not inherit the kingdom."—Attending theatres is the same. You pay others to dance there, which is the same as doing it yourself. If this fail to convince you that it is safest to forego these things, there is another way of deciding what is innocent and what is sinful.

You can always keep on the right side of everything, by never doing anything, in the midst of which, you would object to die.

If there really be no harm in dancing, you will be able to indulge in it, to your heart's content in Heaven, for you will be deprived of nothing there, but what is absolutely sinful; so you can surely afford to go without it, the little while you may live upon earth. And then the sacrifices you make for religion, are not to be compared to the pleasure it would bring you.

People enjoy life better with it, than they possibly can without it; for it is a fact, that even young children, up to nine and ten years of age, before they are fully accountable for their actions, are not so happy, as grown people, who have experienced this change of heart.—To become a christian, is a duty you owe yourself. I would not think so lightly of myself, as to be willing to spend the whole of eternity in perdition, for the sake of anything that can be gained in this short life. If you accept of mercy, and you will need him, whether you live or die, you will find that, "His commands are not grievous."

What is prayer? It is talking to a dear friend. The Bible, you would love and reverence, more highly, than any other book, and it is a positive pleasure, to revere either any person or thing.

Those wretched young people, who make a point, in the streets, of taunting their superiors, for actually presuming to pass them without speaking, with,

"I am as good as you," are not half as happy, as those who have sense to respect both themselves and others.

If we were deprived of the Sabbath, and its ordinances, we should soon begin to experience an immense loss, for which nothing else could fully compensate us.

Though generally apt to think but little of these things, so long as we seem in no danger of losing them, let them be completely taken from us, as they are from those in Hell, they would immediately assume a significance, that is fearful, and wholly unbelievable, to those, who have never once thought seriously they would lose them. Thus the obligations, piety imposes upon us, are amongst the pleasant things that help to fill up each day as it passes."

"I hear people talk, of the witness of the Spirit.

"That the Spirit, bears witness with their spirits; that they are his children."

When this is the case, I should say they are ready for Heaven?"

- " Quite."
- "Is it possible to live always, in this state of safety?"
  - "Always."
  - "And you feel so?"
  - "Perfectly."
  - "Tell me the secret of your success."
- "It is simply to love God. To believe you are:—"Accepted in the Beloved." And do no

wrong: these things, constitute the whole duty of man."

"Then you are quite sure you have a heartfelt affection for him?"

"As confident as I am, that I love my own mother: it is exactly the same, I can be under no mistake with regard to it."

I never could be content to live in that negligent manner, which is adequately described in the words:

"Do, I love the Lord or no: Am I his, or am I not?"

When so much depends upon our having a real affection for him, which is implanted in the heart when the new birth takes place. It is this that makes it so essential, to be born again; so much so, that we are told that:—" Except a man, be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God."

"Are you also quite sure, that he reciprocates your affection?"

"The love we bear him, is inspired by himself:"—"We love him, because he first loved us"—

"It cost his blood, our hearts to win, To buy us from the power of sin, And make us love again."

He surely knows how to value, what he *died* to obtain. Moreover the crown of life is to be given to those who love his appearing, which is the same as loving him.

If people lead consistent lives, they need have no doubts or fears about their safety. If any arise, let them remember the gracious words of our Redeemer:—"Because I live, you shall live also."

Before I close this conference, let me entreat you, to say every night before retiring to rest:— "And Jesus, beholding the young man, loved him."

I glanced at him, at this moment, and thought his eyes were suffused with tears.—She continued:—

"If you decide for him, you will find that religion, is life made easy; if you do no wrong, there is nothing to punish you for. Death itself is a positive luxury to a christian, compared to what it is to an unbeliever.

You will always find him,—"A God nigh at hand, and not afar off," to deliver you in all times of trouble, "And you shall have your fruit to holiness, and the end will be eternal life."

After dinner, we devoted half an hour to looking over the albums, when doing so, Mr. Edward Mertoun requested me to write something in one of his.

To add a little force, if possible, to what aunt Percy had already said, I wrote:—

"And can I yet delay,
My little all to give:
To tear my soul from earth away,
For Jesus to receive."

Happening a few days after to see the album again, I found written immediately beneath it, in the owner's well known hand:—

"Nay, but I yield, I yield,
I can hold out no more:
I sink by dying love compelled,
And own the conqueror."

And though he had never before prayed, since he knelt at his mother's knee, and as her soft hand rested on his head, had repeated:—

> "Gentle Jesus meek and mild, Look upon a little child, Pity my simplicity, Suffer me to come to thee."

I knew then, that Edward was safe.—"A word fitly spoken, is like apples of gold, in pictures of silver."





#### CHAPTER XII.

HAVE received a letter from Mrs. Charles

"Immediately, Mr. Mertoun informed he had resolved to lead a new life, I determined to do the same. Previous, I oft felt like a person, who wanders about in the dark with no guide, where there are snares and pitfalls, into which, at any moment, he may be precipitated and be released therefrom, no more. But I find, that after the mind has been illumined by divine truth, a bright light is shed upon one's path, which is filled with guide posts, that point unerringly, the way one should go:—"Thy word is a lamp to my feet, and a light to my path." And as though a strong invisible being is holding me firmly by the hand, which makes me feel not only perfectly safe, but

also, constantly assures me that there is nothing to fear, because, Father is near. Without this confidence, we are oft reduced to the terror stricken state in which we sometimes find ourselves when children, and alone, during thunder storms. Nothing serves to palliate our fears but the presence of fathers or mothers."

She concluded with:-

"O may I, till my days are past, At Jesu's feet abide; So will he lift me up at last, And place me by his side."

"Your faithful friend,
ELGINA MERTOUN."

After we had read it all round, for there were no items in it, that needed be kept secret, Miss Egremont observed:—

- "With your indulgence, I will recount to you some of my travels."
- "Where have you been, doubtless, on an exploring expedition to Heaven, as usual?" I asked.

"To Heaven as usual.

It is but a few hours since I descended to earth, with a budget of news, which I will place before you, without delay, lest, by remaining sole possessor of it that truant thing, forgetfulness, should rob me of any portion that may prove interesting to you.

When I arrived, I found myself in quite a different part of the country, from any I had seen

on my previous visits to it. It abounded with rich scenery. The deep-green fields, were thickly studded with myriads of small bright flowers of every hue; and tall fine trees, among whose luxuriant foliage, the wind cooed softly, and birds sang sweetly, for I was pleased to see there were birds and animals that understood enjoying themselves as well as ours. And brooks which gurgled and laughed merrily, as they wandered at their own sweet will, through fertile valleys. And waterfalls, whose roaring and rushing, foaming and surging, must sound like music to the joyous inhabitants of the happy land, as they stop in their walks, and pause in their conversations to admire, the brilliant, galloping, majestic, joyous things, that look like a rare combination of rainbows, diamonds, and all bright and glorious things.—After lingering awhile in this delightful scene, I resolved to penetrate further into the country, in doing so, I met a group of angels, whose dazzling beauty quite startled me. They happened to be talking as they passed; and their voices sounded like a stream of music, drawn from gold and silver strings.—Next two young ladies appeared, riding on horseback.

I was just admiring the graceful steeds, and their fair riders, when one of the saddles turned; and unfortunately, its lovely owner with it. I

hastened immediately to her assistance and to inquire if she were injured, for being unaccustomed to the hidden life, I really forgot at the moment that,—"That there is no pain there."

The next thing that favoured my curiosity, were several shops, with ornaments, baskets, and various other articles, exposed for sale, inside, and out, and sundry other elaborate buildings, I could construe into nothing but hotels. Then I caught a glimpse of a sea with many noble, handsomely rigged vessels thereon, well manned, and skilfully guided by fine healthy looking young men, dressed in sailor fashion, some going out, others homeward bound, bearing different kinds of produce from distant lands.

After wandering for some time among fairy groves, and delicious arcades, a most enchanting scene burst suddenly upon my view. It was a luxuriant dale, surrounded by sycamores and palm trees, and filled with statues, vases, and beds of rich and rare flowers. In the midst, was a magnificent cascade, whose sparkling waters were thrown high in the air, and descended in showers of silvery spray, to mingle once more with the surging, boiling waters below, that sounded like waves. "Even like the mighty waves of the sea."

As I gazed in wonder at the bright beauteous thing before me, that seemed like a living being,

I thought instinctively, of the words:—"And I heard, as it were, the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunderings, saying, Alleluia: for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth."—When I had regaled myself with the glorious scene, to my heart's content, I took my departure, and went in search of new beauties. I had proceeded, but a few paces, when I encountered a small party of men and women, sitting under a wide spreading cedar, already in the full enjoyment of the peace and rest so beautifully depicted in those sweet lines commencing:—

"There on a green and flowery mount."-

Sweet music floated in the air—but sweeter far was the song, these faithful followers of the Lamb were singing:—"Unto him that hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God, and his Father: to him be glory and dominion, for ever and ever. Amen."

I mentally added,—"when my earthly course is run."—

"O may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song!
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue."



## CHAPTER XIII.

ISS Egremont continued:—

"One thing I noticed particularly."

"What was that?"

"None of the scenes I passed, ever once appeared to have been touched by the blighting hand of decay."

Mrs. Percy remarked,

"Because, you happened to see it in the sweet summer time; but if you take a tour there in autumn, you will find that vegetation as surely fades and dies away in the better land, as it does on earth.

We see nature, in this world, always seek repose in the cold arms of winter, at least, a few months every year. She is not really dead during this time, but she does but little, for winter is to nature, what night is to her children, a season of repose. This, of course, is caused by the sun's receding from us or, at least, appearing to do so;

for philosophers tell us, he is really nearer us in winter, than summer: however we lose sight of him in our hemisphere a great portion of the time during these months; and nature, no longer sustained, as before, by his genial influence, droops and withers away. But when he again comes round to us in spring, and his rays begin to fall plentifully on the ground, he finds it refreshed, strengthened, and fully prepared for his reception, and once more by his vigorous aid, it is able to pour forth its inexhaustible treasures with profuse liberality; and every tree, shrub, flower, and blade of grass, is brought into new and healthy life.

People are sure to find it the same in heaven.

We cannot suppose that in any part of the universe, nature is so powerful, that it is well able to produce vegetation all the year round, without occasionally indulging in the comparative rest she constantly takes here. If it were to attempt to do so, it would weaken it so much, that it would be like an overworked man, and be utterly unable to bring forth as vigorously, as it would, if it were to take time to rally strength.

We read of fixed stars that are suns to other systems like our own.

These worlds are probably Heaven; and these suns are needed, and always will be, to ripen fruits and corn, for:—"There will be seed time

and harvest, summer and winter," for ever. Yes winter, when we shall have to assume warm clothes, and pile up fires, and have long delicious moonlight nights. And old Christmas will always be kept, and kept too, with skating, holly bush, and log. And, let us hope, Charles Dickens will be there, still supplying us with merry Christmas tales.

I perceive you have imbibed the notions that many hold, that in Heaven, it will always be summer; that the leaves never fall, nor the flowers decay. You may have taken the idea from that portion of holy writ:—"Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which according to his abundant mercy, hath begotten us again, unto a lively hope, by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, to an inheritance, incorruptible, and undefiled; and that fadeth not away, reserved in Heaven for you." It simply means, that it will abide for ever; and not that it is preserved from the vicissitudes of the seasons.—

Rosa Egremont, sang several songs, and so scientifically, that when she had finished the last, her sister observed:—

"Really Rosa, you must intend to cultivate that naturally fine voice of yours until even Jubal himself, might be led to envy your talent for music."

She turned on the music stool, and begged Dr.

Dryden, who had come in, a few minutes before, to tell her what the new name and white stone are, that mysterious Prophet, who once appeared in the isle of Patmos, promised to all true believers.

"The white stone, is an emblem of purity, and means a *clean* heart, and the new name is love, which is such a blessed thing that:—"None knoweth what it is, saving those that receive it."

When born again they are put into a goodly land, that flows with milk and honey."—

# "And every blessing blessed."

"Why is the heart called a stone?"

"It represents a table, or tablet, on which something can be written:—"The fleshly tables of the heart," are mentioned in another place. "I will write my laws in their hearts."—Thus the new name, is written in the heart.

Those in Heaven are referred to, as having it written in their foreheads: every face is illumined with divine love.

"Yes my child," he added, as he rose to depart, and placed his hand on her head, as if to evoke a blessing upon her, "your name will be, LOVE, throughout eternity. It is the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."



#### CHAPTER XIV.

HIS is a fancy sketch, that will serve to portray clearly, what life in Heaven, will be.

The reader must look forward to twenty years after the resurrection. It is twenty years since that memorable day, when we were put into the full possession of our powers, and got finally settled in, Our Future Home, and I am sitting down to chronicle the following events.

In taking a retrospect of the past, I dwell with peculiar pleasure on a certain evening I spent, three weeks ago, at Miss Egremont's house, she styles, "Victoria Villa," where a group of choice friends were gathered, to keep her birthday. I had two more invitations for dinner for that same evening, but as I had not answered them when I received Miss Egremont's, she insisted upon my accepting her's.

This is generally the way she treats me.

I have always observed, she has a notion of

being first and foremost in my estimation, with the exception of a favourite lover or two, these she knows full well, she cannot supplant, so she allows them to reign unmolested. I am utterly unable to account why she presumes to this distinction: unless she bases her notions of preferment upon long and tried friendship, many kindnesses bestowed, and an equal number of negligences borne with, and forgiven, as it has been her pleasure kindly, and thoughtfully, to speak of me, on certain occasions, when she has not found me entirely at her disposal. If there has been any thing in my conduct, in private, to lead her to suppose that she and her sister are preferred by me, to all others, I take care in public life, to do nothing that can lead others to imagine that these are more to me than the rest, even though some may be new acquaintances, and this decided, and uncompromising manner of mine, she actually dares retaliate upon me, even in her own house; so I swallow my mortification, as well as I can, and say never a word in my own defence.--

The evening was fine and balmy. A soft south wind, wafted a delicate perfume through the open window, and shed a sweet odour over the whole room, where six or seven ladies were congregated after an early dinner.

Some that are unknown to the reader, answered

respectively, to the names, Miss Leslie, Miss Stuart, and Miss Heath, awaiting the advent of as many gentlemen, who were deep in politics, in an adjoining apartment, treating themselves, of course, to what had happened in their day.—

It was St. Valentine's day, and several present had received sundry appropriate missives,—some held hearts pierced with arrows, others referred to the never-to-be-forgotten associations of by-gone days, and various other subjects, which some ingenious poets had managed to compose, to celebrate the occasion. This led us, once more, to resume those never ending subjects, love and marriage.

In the course of conversation it transpired that a certain gentleman, who boasts a fine stature, dark hair, a Grecian profile, and eyes that flash like a sabre in the sun, had been uncommonly interesting, to no fewer, than five present.

If they did not confess as much, still, to judge from the giggling and blushings, and the not positively denying it, of the mutually accused, they must all have, more or less, been guilty of the tender impeachment. We had worked ourselves into a rather furious state of excitement, and were just in the middle of as lively a fit of laughter, as we dared indulge in, considering the close proximity of our neighbours, when this identical Mr. Ashton, suddenly presented himself at

the door. The confusion, caused by his unexpected presence amongst us, was so great that could he have formed the remotest idea what produced it, it must have been a source of intense gratification to him. The instant he appeared, Miss Leslie turned to a rich oil painting, which hung on the wall over the mantlepiece, and seemed, to be deeply engrossed in studying it. She employed the time, in stepping back a pace or two, occasionally, and surveying it, evidently, with the eye of a connoisseur.

The picture was a life-like portrait of David and Jonathan, finely executed by the angel Gabriel, and taken when they were standing together in the field where Jonathan required David to enter into a covenant of lasting friendship with him, and presented by him, to Miss Egremont, shortly after she arrived at her new home.

- "How charming!" I exclaimed, when she informed me of it. "How was it the good fortune befell you?"
- "O, he oft attended me, when on earth, and became very fond of me, so I woke up one morning to find myself a favourite of one of the first favourites of Heaven."

So he gave her that picture, which proved so useful to Miss Leslie, in her time of need.—

I seized a bunch of flowers, which opportunely, stood near in a vase, and was instantly intent in

re-arranging them, while Miss Heath, hurriedly fixed her eyes on a small oval table, whose top was, artistically inlaid, with small pieces of gold, ivory, and satin wood, and kept them there seemingly intent upon taking the pattern for a sofa cushion.

Miss Stuart was the only one who remained cool and collected. She evidently thought that if any one could be relied upon to give a sensible answer to any remark he might make, it was herself, so she forthwith took it upon her to do the talking.

A little lady, Miss Leslie's niece, who came here when only five, whose nursery name was Lovette, opened her eyes wide with astonishment at the sudden and utterly unaccountable metamorphosis, that had taken place in society, simply because the gentleman, who a few hours previous, had bargained with her for a kiss, if he would hold her up in his arms until she gathered some peaches in his orchard, had come in.

A young man, who was formerly his guardian angel, and himself had been concocting an excursion to a distant part of the country, near where the river Jordan used to flow, for we are delighted to find ourselves still living upon earth, and in which place it is said, that thousands of nightingales warble all together.

Each had resolved to ask his friends to join them.

Urgent business required Mr. Ashton's presence at a distance, but before taking his departure, which he much regretted, he stepped in accordingly to leave the invitation with us.





S I was concluding the last chapter, Rosa Egremont who was leaning on my chair, watching me write, exclaimed,—

"O, I see what you think,—that people will have pleasant, cheerful, natural, homes in Heaven, like these they have at present."

"I believe our lives there, will bear such a strong resemblance to those we now lead, that if we could have the same houses, furniture, and people around us we have here, we should sometimes entirely forget that a change had passed over us."—

There must be a great likeness between earth and Heaven, for certain tastes, in which we delight to indulge, such as books and various kinds of work, would not be bestowed upon us here, to be entirely taken from us hereafter.

We must always remain much the same as we were made at the beginning, and not be changed

into another kind of beings, and be put into, a quite new way of living, in which people's talents for different sorts of work would never be called into practice.

Some may not like to think they will have any thing to do, for work has been regarded as a curse.

This is a mistake; it is one of the great pleasures of our lives.

There is pleasure in anticipating it, pleasure in doing it, and great pleasure in thinking of it afterwards: thus both mind and body find lasting enjoyment in the performance of it.

We also see clearly, that there is nothing about God, the angels, or ourselves, to warrant the supposition that we are intended to spend the whole time in singing, talking, and admiring nature.

After Adam was created, he was put into the garden of Eden to dress it.

This proves he was neither made to spend all his time either in adoration or laziness, and this state was Heaven to him before he fell.

To be continued in another volume, under the title of

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